"Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
Still they sing,
While they bring
From the western forest's breath,
Echoes hushed in living death;
Till we hear,
Loud and clear:
"Christ is born!
This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
He is come, whom we shall call
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

"Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
Let us sing
Till we bring
Nations that in darkness die,
Where the Holy Babe doth lie!
Singing clear,
Far and near:
"Christ is born!
This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
At His feet the people fall.
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

XII. BENEDICTION.

TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOLS



OF

Christ Church, Germantown,

PHILADELPHIA,

December 27, 1866.

Printed by H. B. Ashmead, Nos. 1102 & 1104 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

Order of Exercises.

I. ANTHEM—BLESSED IS HE THAT COMETH.

HOSANNA, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna,
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord,
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
That cometh, that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest,
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna.
Blessed be the kingdom of our father David,
Hosanna in the highest, in the highest,
Amen, Amen.

II. PRAYER.

III. CAROL—COME AND WORSHIP.

Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

CHORUS.

Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.
CHORUS.—Come and worship, &c.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star.
Chorus.—Come and worship, &c.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temples shall appear.
Chorus.—Come and worship, &c.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pain;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains.
Chorus.—Come and worship, &c.

IV. ADDRESS.

V. CAROL—EMMANUEL.

Darkness o'er the world was brooding, just before the morn
Of the blessed day of gladness when our Lord was born.
Son of God,
He had stood
By the everlasting throne!
Angels veiled their brows before him when his power was shown,
All their shining ranks in love and worship bowing down.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Now they bend in holy wonder, listening to the strains
Sung by Gabriel and his legions o'er the shepherd's plains:
"Fear ye not;
I have brought
Tidings of great joy to all.
Unto you is born a Saviour, named Emmanuel!
All the chains of sin and danger at his coming fell."
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Sudden voices break the silence into glorious song,
As the radiant host of heaven passeth swift along:
"Peace on earth,
By his birth,
Cometh with good-will to men.
Glory in the highest be to God!" His will be done
By the nations from the rising to the setting sun.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

VI. OFFERINGS.

VII. CAROL—RING, MERRY BELLS.

Ring, merry, merry bells,
The Christmas morn!
Ring out a joyous peal!
The Saviour comes,
The Christ is born!
He comes to save and heal.

Ring, merry, merry bells,
O'er all the land,
By hall and cottage fires—
Let every home,
And household band
Hear music from your spires.

Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous Truth at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer,
So longed for, ages past!

Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day—
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way!

Ring, merry, merry bells!
  Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing down;
  For by his cross
  We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

Ring, merry, merry bells!
  Your carols pour,—
Nor let your gladness cease:
  The Wonderful!
  The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

VIII. ADDRESS.

IX. CAROL—SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.
Messiah is King, Messiah is King.

Zion the marvellous story be telling,
  The Son of the Highest how lowly his birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
  He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
  The heart cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
  How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
    CHORUS.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
  And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing,
  One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
    CHORUS.—Shout the glad tidings, &c.

X. PRAYER.

XI. CAROL—GLORY! GLORY! GLORY UNTO GOD!

"Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!
Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
    Angels sing,
    Echoes ring
O'er the vernal eastern plain,
Rich in wealth of golden grain;
    Sweet and clear,
    Ringing cheer:
  "Christ is born!
    This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
He is come, the angels call
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"

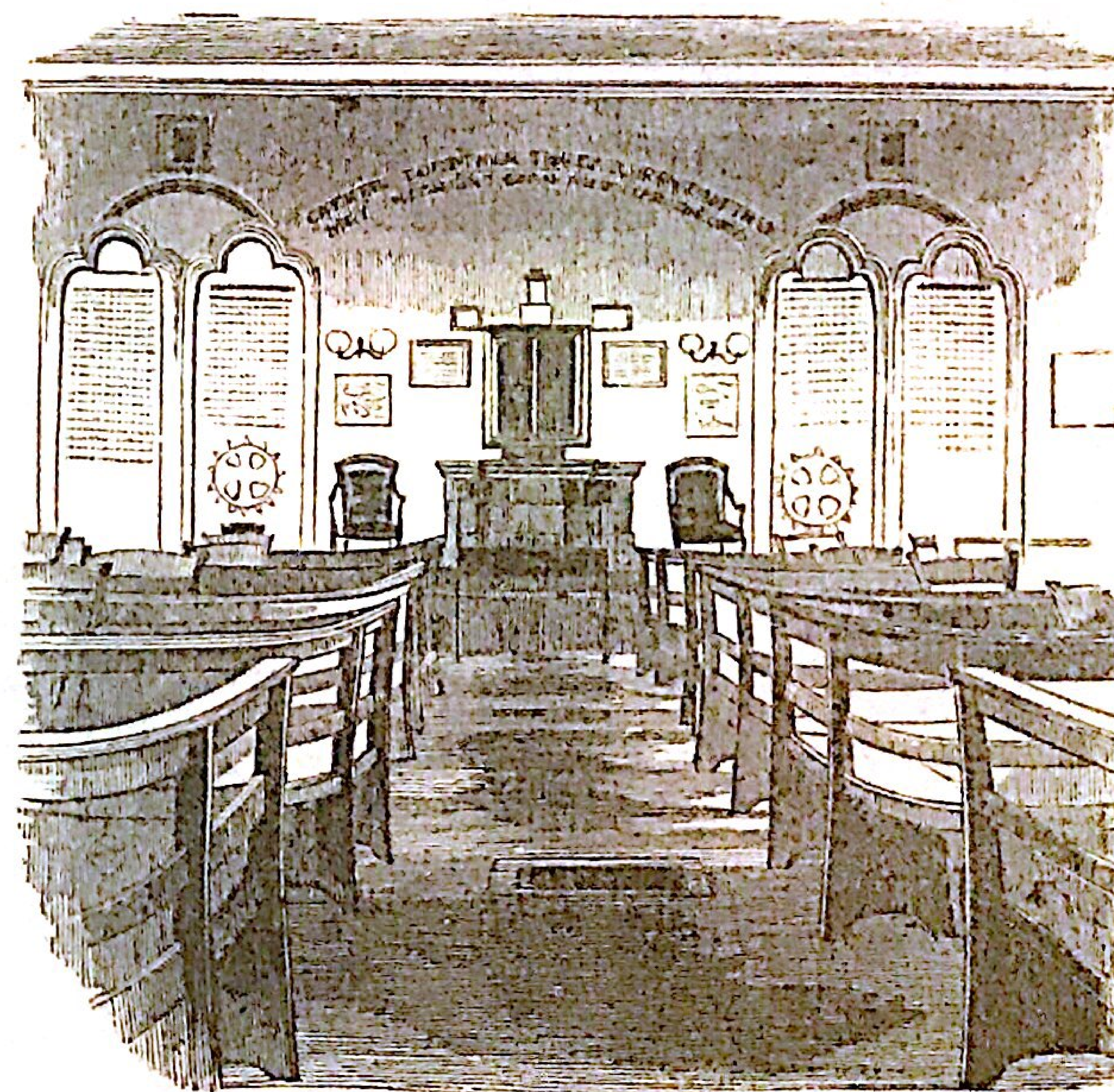
"Glory! Glory! Glory unto God!"
    As they sing,
    Echoes ring
Through the ancient hills of God,
Where eternal winter trod;
    Saintly clear,
    There we hear:
  "Christ is born!
    This the morn
Bringing gladness unto all!
He is come, the earth shall call
Saviour! Helper! Christ the Lord!
Christ the everlasting word!"



Thirteenth Anniversary

OF THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS



"Our Sunday-school."

OF

Christ Church, Germantown,

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 27, 1867.

I.—Christmas Anthem.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled;
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Ris'n with healing in his wings,
Life and light to all he brings.
Hail! hail! hail! the sun of Righteousness,
Hail! hail! hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Glory!

II.—Prayer.

III.—Singing by the Infant School.

IV.—Reading of Reports.

V.—Hymn.

Ringing out, ringing out,
Are the joy-bells gaily ringing,
Glad tidings from the skies!
Flinging back, flinging back,
Are our hearts and voices flinging,
The echoes sweet that rise,
The echoes sweet that rise.
A Child is born, a Son is given,
To us a glorious gift from heaven.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

Glad tidings to the shepherds
Brought the messengers of old,
Who came on radiant pinions,
With their shining harps of gold,
On the first bright Christmas morning,
In the ages far away,
And they sang the birth of Jesus,
As we sing it here to-day.

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.

Glad tidings still are sounding,
Of a Saviour born to-day;
To heal the broken-hearted,
And to wipe their tears away.
Hark! he calls the heavy laden,
And the weary to his breast;
And he takes their cares upon him,
Saying: "I will give you rest."

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.

Glad tidings, little children!
For a Child was born to-day,
Who knows your many trials,
And who sorrows when you stray.
Ever go to Him in trouble,
Freely tell Him all your grief;
He 's your dearest Friend and Brother,
And can ever give relief.

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.

Glad tidings, lonely captive!
Jesus comes to set thee free.
Glad tidings, homeless wanderer!
He 'll prepare a place for thee.
In his Father's house in glory,
Where are many mansions bright;
There, if here we love Him truly,
We shall dwell with Him in light.

Chorus.—Ringing out, &c.

VI.—Addresses.

VII.—*Hymn.*

Far beyond this world of sorrow,
Where the ransom'd millions rest,
There's a glorious, endless morrow,
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—Shall we know them there,
In that land, far away,
They the same smiles wear,
In that land, far away.
Shall we meet and know each other,
In that happy land, far away.

There 'neath bow'rs of deathless glory,
Every heart with peace possess'd,
Sweetly chant redemption's story,
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—Shall we know their voice,
In that land, far away,
And with them rejoice,
In that land, far away.
Shall we meet and know each other,
In that happy land, far away.

There are those we've loved and cherish'd,
Leaning on the Saviour's breast;
They're at home—not dead, or perish'd;
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—Shall we love them still,
In that land, far away,
Where no partings chill,
In that land, far away.
Shall we meet and love each other,
In that happy land, far away.

By the crystal waters springing,
Sweetest flow'rs by gales caress'd;
On the air their incense flinging,
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—Shall re-union's chain,
In that land, far away,
Hold our hearts again,
In that land, far away.
Shall we meet and love each other,
In that happy land, far away!

There the morn shall wake in gladness,
There the night no fears infest,
Neither sickness, pain or sadness,
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—Shall we meet thee there,
In that land, far away,
And its glories share,
In that land, far away;
Yes! thro' grace we'll meet each other.
In that happy land, far away!

There the day knows no declining,
Neither shade nor twilight rest,
But a sunlike brightness shining
In the mansions of the blest.

Chorus.—That's our Father's home,
In that land, far away,
'Neath his smile we'll roam,
In that land, far away;
We shall meet and praise together,
In that happy land, far away!

VIII.—*Presentation of the Offerings.*

IX.—*Hymn.*

Ring out the bells for Christmas!
The happy, happy day!
In winter wild, the Holy Child
Within the cradle lay.
Oh, wonderful! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arms his throne.

On Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the glory floats,
Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born.
And still he comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.

Where'er his sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see him,
In every guileless face,
You see the Holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.

In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek
The homeless child you meet;
Gaze on the pale wan features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls He loveth,
The Christ-child at the door.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born sun;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one.
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.

X.—Prayer.

XI.—Hymn.

GIRLS.—There is a realm where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels wait with sweetest strains,
To greet the saints above.

Chorus.—They 'll sing their welcome home to me,
They 'll sing their welcome home to me;
The angels will stand on the heavenly strand.
And sing their welcome home!
Welcome home! Welcome home!

GIRLS.—And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name;
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.

Chorus.—They 'll sing their welcome home, &c.

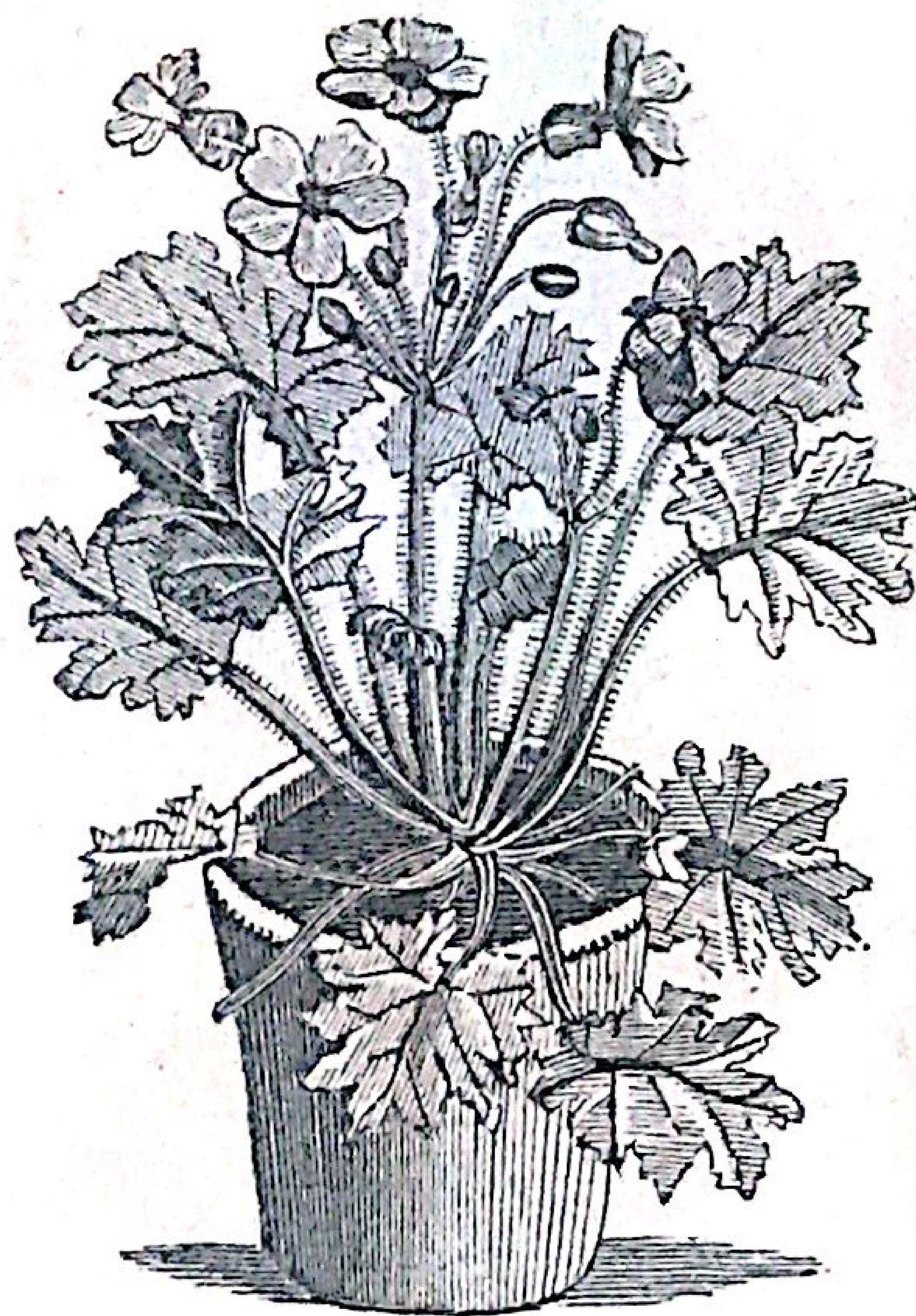
GIRLS.—Yet all, alas, may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Tho' now he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

Chorus.—They 'll sing their welcome, &c.

GIRLS.—He speaks so kindly: "Come to me,
And I will give you rest;"
The angels wait their melody,
To greet you with the blest.

Chorus.—They 'll sing their welcome, &c.

XII.—Benediction.



FOURTEENTH

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS



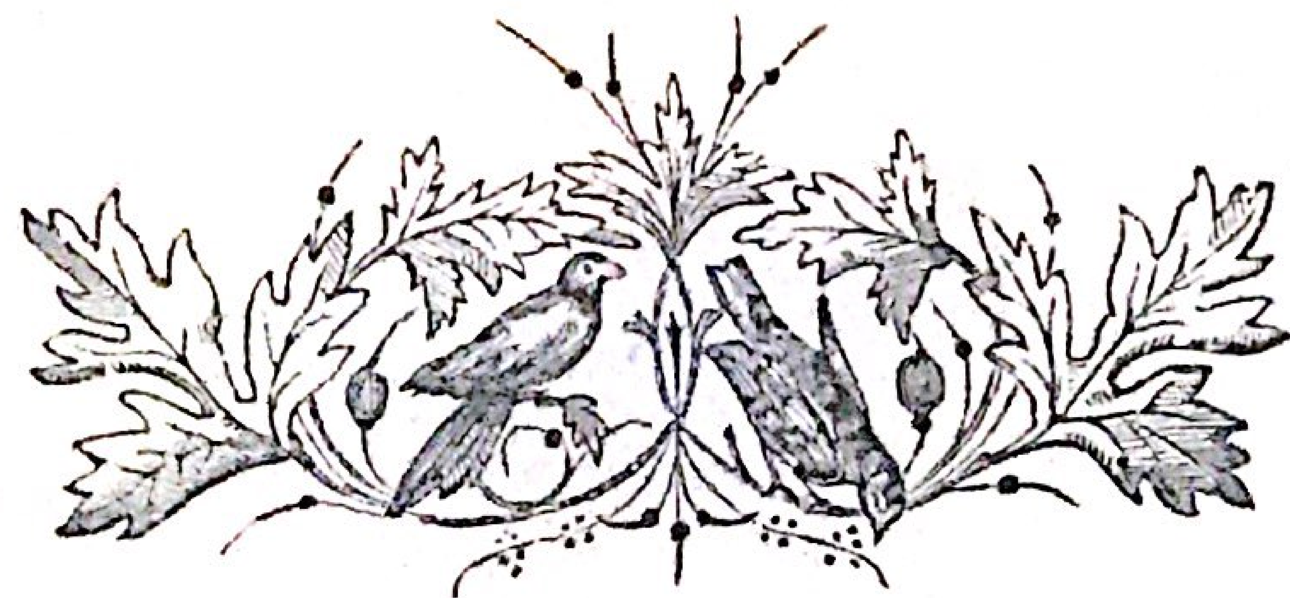
"It is not the will of your Father in Heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

OF

Christ Church, Germantown,

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 30th, 1868.



Anniversary Exercises.

1.—CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Zion, the marvellous story, be telling,
  The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling;
  He stoops to redeem thee; He reigns upon earth.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings; exultingly sing:
  Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

Tell how He cometh, from nation to nation;
  The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round
How free to the faithful He offers salvation;
  How His people with joy everlasting are crown'd.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings; exultingly sing:
  Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing;
  And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels! the full hallelujah be singing;
  One chorus resounds thro' the earth and the skies.

Chorus.—Shout the glad tidings; exultingly sing:
  Jerusalem triumphs! Messiah is King!

2.—PRAYER.

3.—SINGING BY THE INFANT SCHOOL.

4.—READING OF REPORTS.

5.—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Carol, carol, Christians, carol joyfully,
Carol for the coming of Christ's Nativity.
And pray a gladsome Christmas
  To all good Christian men;
Carol, carol, Christians,
  For Christmas come again.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, Christians, carol joyfully,
  Carol for the coming of Christ's Nativity.

Go ye to the forest,
  Where the myrtles grow,
Where the pine and laurel
  Bend beneath the snow.
There, gather them for Jesus,
  And wreathe them for His shrine;
Make His temple glorious
  With the box and pine.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Carol, carol, Christians!
  Like the Magi now,
Ye must lade your caskets
  With a grateful vow;
Ye must have sweet incense,
  Myrrh and finest gold,
In our Christmas temple,
  Humbly to unfold.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Sound, O sound the trumpet,
For our solemn feast,
Gird thine armor, Christian,
Gird thine armor, priest;
Go before the people,
Pray with fervor, pray,
For Jesus' second coming
And the latter day.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

Give us grace, O Saviour,
To put off in might,
Deeds and dreams of darkness,
For the robes of light!
And to live as lowly,
As Thyself with men,
So to rise in glory,
When Thou com'st again.

Chorus.—Carol, carol, &c.

6.—ADDRESSES.

7.—HYMN.

Weary wand'rer o'er the main,
Seeking for thy home again,
Thro' the gath'ring mists that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond: there's light for thee,
Streaming o'er the turbid sea;
Softly it smiles, tho' distant far,—
The beautiful polar star.

Stranger on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy fatherland,
Thro' the gath'ring clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond: there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er a tranquil sea;
Softly it smiles, tho' distant far,—
The beautiful polar star.

Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief;
Tho' thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond: there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea;
Softly it smiles, tho' distant far,—
The beautiful polar star.

8.—PRESENTATION OF OFFERINGS.

9.—HYMN.

Ye angels in glory,
Repeat the glad story
Ye brought to the shepherds on Bethlehem's morn;
When the voice of your singing
From Heaven came, bringing
The news that the Saviour in Bethlehem was born.

Chorus.—O, Chorus of fire!
Burst forth from God's choir!
Let the loud hallelujahs awaken the morn,
Till the flowers on the hills,
And the waves in the rills,
All tremble with joy that the Saviour is born.

From His throne condescending,
In wondrous love bending,
He comes to redeem us, to dwell upon earth;
And the heavenly chorus
In rapture swells o'er us,
And angels come gladly to herald His birth,

Chorus.—O, Chorus of fire, &c.

We praise Thee, forever,
Christ born to deliver,
We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we magnify Thee,
All earth shall confess Thee,
And joyfully bless Thee,
And join in glad rapture with Heaven's harmony.

Chorus.—O, Chorus of fire, &c.

By the star's sure revealing
The wise men are kneeling,
As lowly adoring, their treasures they fling;
And we with glad voices,
While Heaven's choir rejoices,
Like them, to the Saviour our offerings will bring.

Chorus.—O, Chorus of fire, &c.

Each heart, with joy swelling,
God's mercy is telling,
While the song of the angels re-echoes again;
To the Saviour who sought us,
For the love that He brought us,
Be glory forever! Hallelujah! Amen!

Chorus.—O, Chorus of fire, &c.

10.—PRAYER.

11.—HYMN.

There is a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love,
Designed and formed for me.

Chorus.—We'll be there, we'll be there;
Palms of victory—
Crowns of glory we shall wear,
In that beautiful world on high.

Our Saviour's precious blood
Has made our title sure;
He passed thro' death's dark raging flood,
To make our rest secure,

Chorus.—We'll be there, &c.

The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given;
He leads us onward to the home
Reserved for us in heaven.

Chorus.—We'll be there, &c.

Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done;
We soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

Chorus—We'll be there, &c.

And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine;
In happier, holier strains we'll praise,
The grace that made us Thine.

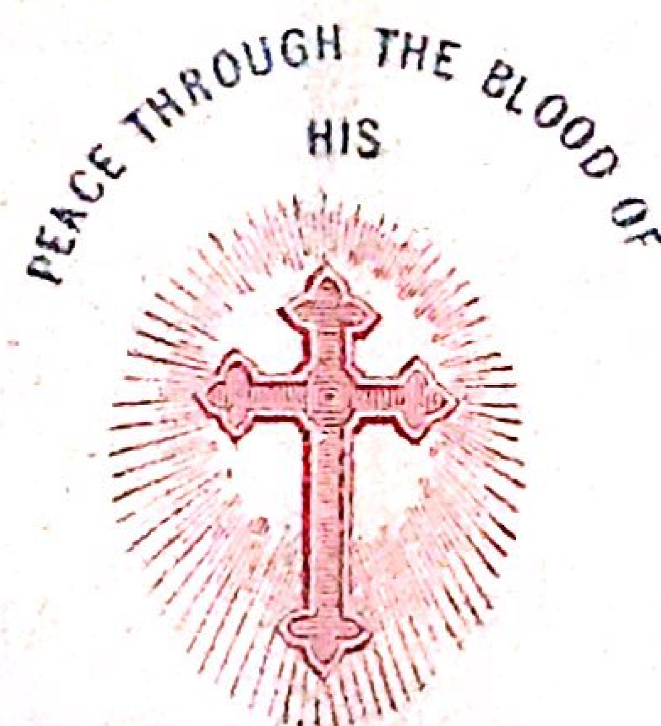
Chorus.—We'll be there, &c.

12.—BENEDICTION.



Chorus—Hark, we hear again the chorus
Ringing through the starry sky,
And we join the heavenly anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

X. PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.



SIXTEENTH

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

IN HIM WAS LIFE, AND THE



LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

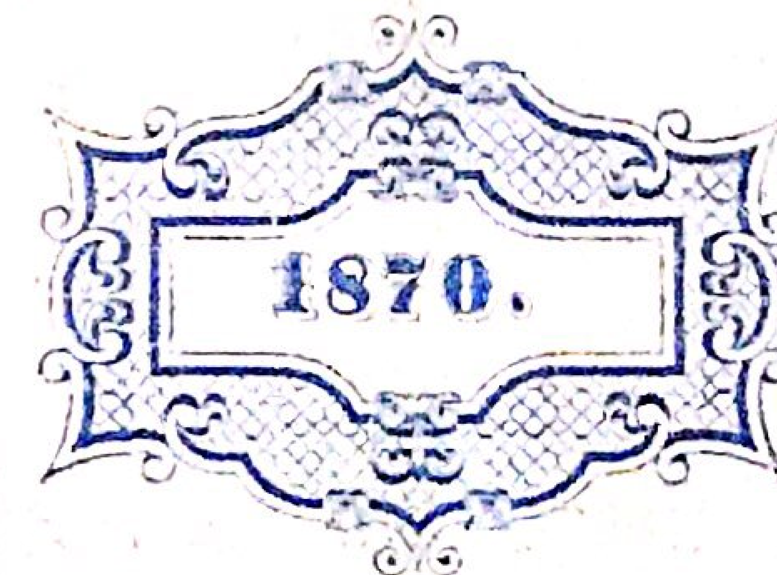
OF

Christ Church, Germantown,

PHILADELPHIA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29th, 1870.

[illegible] & Smith, Printers, Germantown.



Anniversary Exercises.

I.—CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Hail to the Morn.

Hail to the morn when Christ was born,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest ;
Angels on high sing through the sky,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest :
Shepherds adored the child to-day ;
Kings from the East are on their way ;
Sing, then all, in house and hall,
Sing, then all, in house and hall,
Hosanna, Hosanna.
Christ is born on Christmas morn,
Hosanna in the highest.
Sing, then all, &c.

Cedar and pine, now cheerily twine,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest ;
Crown every scene with evergreen,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest :
Now is the reign of darkness o'er,
Jesus is King forever more.
Sing, then all, &c.

Boughs of the holly this day adorn,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest;
Sharp are the leaves as crowns of thorns,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest;
See in the berries, all blood red,
Blood, that for us this babe shall shed.
Sing, then all, &c.

Laurel and bay bring forth to-day,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest:
Matchless His might, in deadly flight,
Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest;
Hail to the Child Emmanuel!
Conqueror is He of death and hell!
Sing, then all, &c.

II.—CREED AND PRAYERS.

III.—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Bright, Bright, in Silver Light.

BY THE INFANT SCHOOL.

Bright, bright, in silver light
The morning stars were shining,
And shepherds watching o'er their flocks,
Were on their staves reclining.
Were on, &c.

Clear, Clear, so very near,
A burst of music sounding,
That flocks and shepherds rose at once,
With swelling hearts rebounding.

Loud, Loud, the chorus rose,
'Till all the air was swelling,
And from the heavens came a voice,
That joyful news was telling.

Peace, Peace, on earth be peace,
Good will to brothers greeting;
Arise, and hasten to the babe,
Fast in the manger sleeping.

Joy, Joy, a child is born,
Foretold in ancient story;
Born to redeem our souls from sin,
'Tis Christ the Lord of glory.

Praise, praise, to God be praise,
And to the Son be given,
And to the Spirit, three in one,
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

IV.—LESSON.

(St. Matthew II: 1-15, Luke II: 8-18.)

V.—HYMN.

Ring out the Bells for Christmas.

Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day,
In winter mild, the Holy Child,
Within the cradle lay.
Oh, wonderful! the Saviour
Is in a manger lone;
His palace is a stable,
And Mary's arms his throne.
Chorus—Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day;
Ring out the bells for Christmas,
The happy, happy day.

O'er Bethlehem's quiet hillside,
In ages long gone by,
In angel notes the glory floats,
Glory to God on high!
Yet wakes the sun as joyous
As when the Lord was born,
And still he comes to greet you
On every Christmas morn.
Chorus.

Where'er His sweet lambs gather
Within this gentle fold,
The Saviour dear is waiting near,
As in the days of old:
In each young heart you see Him,
In every guileless face,
You see the holy Jesus,
Who grew in truth and grace.
Chorus.

In many a darksome cottage,
In many a crowded street,
In winter bleak, with shivering cheek,
The homeless child you meet:

Gaze on the pale worn features,
The feet with wandering sore,
You see the souls he loveth,
The Christ-child at the door.
Chorus.

Then sing your gladsome carols,
And hail the new-born Son;
For Christmas light is passing bright,
It smiles on every one,
And feast Christ's little children,
His poor, His orphan call;
For He who chose the manger,
He loveth one and all.
Chorus.

VI.—ADDRESS.

VII.—CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hail! to the Blessed Christmas Morn.

Hail! to the blessed Christmas morn!
Hail! to the day when Christ was born!
Children singing,
Church bells ringing,
Hail! to the day when Christ was born.

Angels of God came down by night;
The shepherds saw their glory bright;
Hosts descending,
Line upending,
Filled the heaven with dazzling light.

They came to honor the Holy One,
Christ our Lord, God's only Son;
Whom confessing,
Loving, blessing,
'Tis ours to praise 'till life is gone.

Our Great Redeemer was that child,
So kind, compassionate, and mild,
Sorrowing healing,
Pardon sealing,
"The Prince of Peace," most justly styled.

Let all who dwell upon the earth,
With grateful joy and holy mirth,
World denying,
Sin defying,
With praises hail this wondrous birth.

Then hail! the blessed Christmas morn!
Hail! to the day when Christ was born!
Children singing,
Church bells ringing,
Hail! to the day when Christ was born.

VIII.—PRESENTATION of OFFERINGS, and Lighting Christmas Tree.

XI.—HYMN.

Hark! a Burst of Heavenly Music.

Hark! a burst of heavenly music,
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night.
To the shepherd's of Judea,
Watching in the earliest dawn,
Lo, they hear the joyful tidings,
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!
Chorus—Sweet and clear those angel voices,
Echoing through the starry sky,
As they chant the heavenly chorus,
"Glory be to God on high.

Slumbering in a lowly manger
Lies the mighty Lord of all,
And before the holy stranger
See the trembling shepherds fall.
He has come, the long expected,
Full of wisdom, love, and grace,
To redeem his ruined creatures,
To restore our fallen race.
Chorus—So let angels wake the chorus,
So let ransomed men reply,
Chanting the celestial anthem,
"Glory be to God on high."

And this joyful Christmas morning
Breaking o'er the world below,
Tells again the wondrous story
Shepherds heard so long ago.
Who shall still our tuneful voices,
Who the tide of praise shall stem,
Which the blessed angels taught us,
On the fields of Bethlehem?